THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 22. Whole No. 74.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

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Take Notice

That none are genuine without the signature of

T. W. Dyott, M. D.

July 5

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Vegetable Balm of Life.

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Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

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A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12.

FOR THE TICKLER.

UNCLE CORNEY.

NO V.

Old Nox had now spread her broad mantle over the face of heaven. The moon rose with resplendant lustre from the East and tinged the horizon with a thousand hues, though brilliant yet not dazzling. The eye gazes unaffected on the celestial bodies, the broad pavement of the galaxy and the wide expanse of heaven; the stars eclipsed by the intervention of atmospheric particles, twinkle in endless trepidation on the visual nerve, which directed up through nature to nature's God, surveys with wonder and delight the works of creation. The bosom of the admiring spectator feels the calm tranquility of nature, where stormy passions roll not, each thought is peace, each look is harmony.

My uncle Corney was seated at the parlour window, his head reclined upon his hand; eyes turned to heaven, silent was his worship, but raptured were his feelings; I conjectured his ideas, I read his inmost thoughts——'Delight and elegance' thought he, 'marks every object which the eye can meet——How perfect are the works of providence——how admirable the constitution of the globe——each blade of grass——each distant star we see, own the great Creator's presence——the delicate texture of the one, the amazing magnitude of the other, alike point to the inimitable workman——his forming hand, nothing imperfect or deficient left, of all he created——he made the world in wisdom——he sustaineth it in mercy, and manifests his providential care and merciful regard to man——the glory of the creation, the topstone of his works

'How poor, how rich, how abject, how august
How complicate, how wonderful is man
How passing wonder *he* who made him such.'

Such were the ruminations of my uncle Corney, which terminated in a flood of tears——roused from his reverie by the sound of distant thunder & the vivid flashes of lightning that darted their forky terrors in the gloomy west——he rose from his seat——the spacious hall echoed the knocker at the door——my uncle Corney hastened to open it——a beggar demanded a scanty pittance——*demanded* I say, but there was a solicitation in that demand which conveyed its full force to the heart of my uncle Corney. He put his hand into his pocket——he took out his purse——put it back again——Alas! there was nothing in it——a deep blush suffused my uncle Corney's cheeks——the stranger turned away, but with a look that spoke disappointment and chagrin——stop friend, said my uncle Corney, I will get you something presently. My father came to the door just as my uncle left it——he saw the design and was determined to counteract it——what do you want, said he, rather sternly——Charity, my good friend, said the stranger with a sigh——I think, said my father, you had better haste home, or you will get wet, and as for charity, added he, believe me the old fool will give you nothing.

A flash of lightning now discovered the venerable age of the stranger——the storm will last a great while I think, said my father, carelessly, then renewing his commands—come, sir, you had better go——the stranger attempted to rise—deep sighs accompanied his exertions——I feel—I feel, said the stranger, very——come, come! interrupted my father, peevishly, be quick.——He then put out his foot to assist him. My uncle came running to the door——he's gone, said my father—my uncle kept on——he held a plate of victuals in one hand and his purse in the other—the stranger still sat on one corner of the step——my uncle set down the plate—then raised up the feeble stranger. I think he'd better go, said my father, ramming his hands into his pockets, and jingling the money as if to heighten that distress he could so readily relieve. Shocking, barbarism! he cannot go yet, replied my uncle gently, he will get wet——the d--l he will, that will melt him to be sure, said my father sneeringly. Nay, brother, he *shall not* go, answered my uncle, pushing the stranger forward into the entry. My father wheeled off into the parlour, where I will leave him a moment humming a tune of vexation.

Here friend, said my uncle kindly, lifting up the plate, on which he laid the purse—here is provender for the pocket and the belly——he said this with such a grace, such delight sparkling in his eyes, such a smile upon his lips——the stranger forgot the contumely of my father in the frankness and generosity of my uncle. Tam stood leaning on the bannister of the great staircase, but he stood restless and uneasy. His motions attracted the attention of my uncle—he bursted into a loud laugh——the stranger echoed it——the hall re-echoed it——the mask fell off——the scene shifted, and in the person of the beggar, behold! the intimate friend and companion of my father! What may this mean, said my uncle, not a little mortified at his situation—he looked confused, he held a bone in one hand and a knife in the other—he let them both drop and rose——I beg pardon, said the supposed stranger, for these extraordinary appearances—the intrusion---the cheat---and your disappointment——But, sir, interrupted my uncle,——I see your abhorrence of this fraud, resumed the stranger, and will atone for it cheerfully; believe me, sir, common report has failed to tell your virtues as it ought——I had heard of your liberality; I thought myself liberal; I was determined to satisfy myself of the truth of those reports, & now with the Queen of Sheba, I can say truly, that the one half had not been told me; you may enquire why I suffered an idle curiosity to engross my attention in a manner so indelicate; but I must avow in its extenuation, my contempt of your character and person, on the knowledge of your political principles: your brother and myself were intimate, you were often the butt of our jests; we ridiculed the narrowness of your understanding and inferred the narrowness of your mind——we are both mistaken, for I must confess your infinite superiority & virtue, have been evidently shewn in the execution of my scheme to prove it. Here the stranger held out his hand, which my uncle pressed in his——they both retired to the parlour to enjoy the joke, which the reader may well suppose, was no way agreeable to my father. For what past there I refer to the next number.

FOR THE TICKLER.

PROSPECTS OF DISSOLUTION,

Deduced from symptoms of dissatisfaction.

A company of *old boys*, who have associated for the purpose of economically enjoying the elegant amusement of sailing, lately met with a small interruption to their usual harmony. The 4th of July held out to one of these devoted sons of fun and frolic, a prospect of superior gaiety and delight——mother Delaware was destined to receive on her bosom a band of his friends, as jolly lads as ere awaked old echo; when lo! another set, equally desirous of celebrating the day, after calculating the various expenses of viands, grog, and music, boldly laid before the cupidical major, one of *D. Lenox's* maps of the United States. The captain wisely considering his inability to take a correct copy, agreed to charter old Dusty for the day, in consideration of the original. This it seems was done without consultiug a particular partner of the firm, (a quondam friend of the major-captain) who has taken the affair in high dudgeon. The major says, that he being captain, he will consider any murmuring or grumbling, as an attempt to excite mutiny, and will proceed accordingly. The disappointed partner declares, that unless he receive his share of prize-money, he will lay old Dusty up, high and dry. The case has been submitted to judge S******, who advises the money in dispute to be *laid out in punch*. Lawyers Tittyboy and Notquiteblack have been consulted—they advise a reference to honest gentlemen of the bar and very obligingly offered their services: 'but as the sum is small,' says Notquiteblack, 'had you not better bestow it in charity on some deserving object; now I know a distressed female'——here the impatient major-captain interrupted him with——'If the money *must* be given in charity, I know *two* or *three* distressed females.' '*Do ye so*,' says his quondam friend, 'but hang me if my money goes to the support of any of your *dis-tress-ed she-males*. If it does, may I never again sing

RING DANG DEE.'

Simon Snyder and his privy counsellors appear to be sensible that he will never be taken up again by the democrats, and therefore wish to ingratiate themselves with the constitutional republicans and federalists, under the foolish expectation that they will support him as they did M'Kean, but in this they will be most egregiously mistaken. There is no man that the jacobin democrats could take up, no not even doctor Leib himself, that the federalists would not rather see in the office of governor, than silly Simon Snyder. But they mean to save them all the trouble of filling that office, by electing some respectable member of their own party.

If foolish Simon thinks to get the good will of the federalists, by appointing such men as lawyer Notquiteblack and the Randall's to office, he has put the saddle on the wrong horse, for the federalists have always considered these men a disgrace to their ranks, and were glad of the opportunity of getting rid of them.

The federalists had often hinted to Notquiteblack, the Randall's and some other of those *respectable* republicans who have been appointed to office by King Simon, that they would much rather have their room than their company; and if they had not left them when they did, they would before this have given them Paddy's hint.

As lawyer Notquiteblack, and all the other infamous characters who lately disgraced the ranks of federalism, have gone over to the Snyderites, it is expected the federalists will carry the city ticket this fall by a large majority.

The democrats are so heartily sick of their present governor, they are determined to have a man of talents if they can find one in their party, as their next candidate. As doctor Leib and *doctor* Frick are considered the first in point of *talents* among the Pennsylvania democrats, we think they will in all probability be their men.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Nothing can exceed the folly of the Snyderites in placing the most unbounded confidence in every unprincipled upstart who professes to worship the idol of their faction. Men who one year ago ridiculed king Simon as the most contemptible of human beings, are now the favorites of his 'Tannic majesty. This weakness is not confined to Simon alone, but his pious secretary, his wise attorney general, and even the cunning John Binns, are equally the dupes of this shallow sycophancy. The recent appointment of Notquiteblack as deputy attorney general of the Mayor's court is a conspicuous instance of this species of folly. Notquiteblack has always professed to be a federalist, and by his violent conduct as a member of that party, and his open avowal of monarchial sentiments, has always disgraced and injured the real federalists.

In the year 1802, Notquiteblack belonged to a law society in this city, in which the question 'which is preferable, the British constitution or the constitution of the United States?' was discussed, & Notquiteblack volunteered his services to prove that the constitution of England was preferable in every point of view to that of the U. States, and said that he hoped to see a government compounded of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, like that of England, established here. In 1805 he would have knocked any man *(that he was not afraid of)* down in the street, for only calling Simon Snyder a man of common decency. Last fall, a short time before the election, he went to Pittsburg to see James Ross, and took letters of introduction along, from some federal lawyers here, from which time he was an outrageously violent supporter of Mr. Ross. Soon after the election, however, he went to see our Simon, and finding his dispositions and talents so congenial with his own, our *five dollar* lawyer soon became his friend.

One of those newly converted friends of Simon Snyder and democracy, whom his 'tannic majesty has recently appointed to office, in conversation with a democrat of the old school, a few days ago, said, 'I have a better opinion of you than to think you supported *Solomon* Snyder from motives of interest, or with a view of getting an office, therefore I am convinced you will not oppose him, merely because you did not get one,' to which the other replied, 'I see reason enough to oppose him, independent of any consideration of that kind, but at all events as the poet says,

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have some one's self to eat,
Though be it always understood,
Our appetites are full as good.'

FOR THE TICKLER.

Among the volunteer toasts drank on the fourth of July, by the officers of the 170th regiment, is the following:

BY DANIEL BUSSIER, ESQ.

'General Bright and his comrades, a second edition of a work called *Paulding, Williams & Van Vert*, American surpassing Roman virtue.'

Do not laugh reader, for as John Stewart, the pedestrian philosopher, says, 'it is an absurdity too gross to be laughed at.'

If this toast had not appeared in Binns' polluted paper, we should supposed it to have been intended as a burlesque upon poor Bright and his companions, but as that paper is devoted to the king of Ignorance, we must take it as sincere. In truth, it is not the first time such disgusting nonsense has appeared in Binns' paper, they have been spoken of as 'Gen. Bright & his associates;' 'Gen. Bright & his brave gallant and patriotic fellow-soldiers,' &c. in addition to what silly Simon says of them in his treasonable letter, but it was left for just-ass Bussier to compare them to Paulding, Williams, and Van Vert. Those patriots were truly brave, and resisted the most alluring bribe, when the guineas were glittering before their eyes. Gen. Bright received the appointment of inspector of flour, worth $5000 a year, to induce him to take up arms against the tremendous and terrible forces of the marshal of the district, consisting of his single self without arms——what unparrelleled bravery, Pat-riotism, and virtue——but lo! when the marshal called out the *posse commitatus*, to arm themselves with constables' staves to assist him, these brave, these heroic, these valorous soldiers, with their guns and bayonets, retired to the inside of the house and locked the door.

Poor Danny Bussier,
Alas how queer,
Thy toast doth seem to sound;
Better to cry starch by the pound.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

It is much to be regretted, that the conduct of our youth is not more strictly enquired into by masters and guardians——there are boys in this city, apprentices in dry goods stores, and particularly falling under my notice some on the north side of Market-street, between Third and Fourth-streets, whose conduct is highly reprehensible. Boarding out from under their masters' eyes, they contract vicious and improper habits, exercising their propensities by blackguard behaviour; and possessing no small share of cunning, deceive their masters' scrutiny by a specious appearance of innocence.

It is not my intention to enumerate the several instances, without provoked by a repetition of their offences, but merely through the medium of your paper, to convey a gentle hint, hoping the caution will prove salutary, and they profit by the remark.

REGULATOR.

The Fourth of July

Was celebrated by the society of 'AMERICAN REPUBLICANS,' in a manner truly characteristic of their appellation. Upwards of 600 guests partook of an elegant dinner at Bush-hill, and after the accustomed festivities, returned to the city in a manner worthy of true republicans. On the contrary the democrats split and divided themselves into as many little factious parties as they have petty partisans—each party filled with malevolence and spleen, and ready to cut the throats of all '*their political bretheren*,' who should dare to thwart their interested views.

NOTICE
OF
Democratic Celebrations.

The Aurora of the 6th is filled with toasts & sentiments, and Bobadilian accounts of the celebration of the 4th of July by democrats '*of the old school*.' The account of the *legionary feats* is very pretty upon paper; nor do we care one jot how the Snyderite corps, who on that day seceded from the legion, relish the epithet of '*undisciplined companies*,' which the knight of the pole has bestowed upon them. We saw the *remains* of the legion form, & (with the exception of Fotterall's corps) can truly say they made but a sorry appearance. As neither *great* Johnny Steele, of eel-skin queu memory, nor the first major chose to exhibit themselves in their proper places, the command of the *remnant* devolved upon four eyed major Bat Graves, who is supposed to be just about as well qualified for such a task as the horse on which he rode. On this occasion Graves struck his state cockade, and hoisted a *black* one in its room—what's the rig now? Batty is not, like his Baal, Duane, an United States officer. Auld *Tam Liefter*, with his large blue cloak thrown over his uniform, strongly resembled the Transylvanian chief, Bethlem Gabor.

After they had shewn themselves to the old women and children of the city, they separated, and Fotterall & Graves' corps dined together at Peter's tavern. Their 13 first toasts contain nothing but what has been so often toasted as to be rendered quite *brown*.

The 14th—'To the memory of the author of *Common Sense*, the *Rights of Man*, and the *Crisis*, which opened the minds of *AMERICANS* to a true sense of liberty, and nobly sustained them through a long and doubtful contest,' contains a *bit of a bull*. How the '*Rights of Man*,' which was written by Tom Paine, about ten years *after* the achievement of our independence could 'open the minds of Americans,' long before it was penned, we leave to colonel Duane, and such logicians to decide, who, no doubt, will swear that it operated by anticipation.

The 16th toast is devoted to the colonel himself.—Such toasts carry their own comment.

A volunteer is devoted to colonel *Jonas* (whalebelly) *Simonds*, in which he is stiled '*a republican of the old school*.' If the republicanism of the old school is attested by a fellow's swaggering about in 1798—99 with a thumping black cockade in his hat, and liberally bestowing the heaviest of the curses of Ernulphus upon every man who dared to question the infalliability of John Adams, then indeed may Jonas Simonds claim the honor of being 'a republican of the old school.'

'Straws shew which way the wind blows.' Joe Philips brother to Zalegman Philips, Esq. who was dis-appointed in the recent scramble for office, by way of retaliating on his 'Tannic majesty, gave as a volunteer, 'Ignorance and wickedness——may the state of Pennsylvania never again be reduced to the painful alternative of choosing between them.'

Democratic Young Men.

Here politicians not yet fledg'd were seen,
With scarce a bit of down to shade their chin.

The democratic young men, among whom was the modest Josiah Randall, who now ranks as a democrat, had their dinner at Fouquet's tavern, and after the repast drank seventeen regular, and thirteen volunteer toasts. J. F. M'Elroy, though a flaming democrat, in his volunteer, wished Mr. Jefferson to be esteemed '*sacred*'——an attribute solely belonging to the deity, and impiously assumed by *kings*. So much for democratic wooden gods.

'*OUR NEGOCIATOR* at Eckmuhl,'——drank by a *native American!* Had a *subject* of the *French emperor* given that toast, all would have been right; but how would that *young* democrat have blustered, had any one been sufficiently fool-hardy to toast *George the Third* on the 4th of July! and yet it is as proper to toast one, or even both, as either of them. For shame! 'tell it not in Gath,' that a *native* American, on the *natal day* of American independence, toasted as an *American Negociator*, the ruthless Napoleon Bonaparte, the curse of Europe, the stain of humanity, and sworn foe to every thing *like* republicanism.

As may be easily surmised, by the time our young democrats had drank their *thirty* toasts to *thirty* glasses of wine each, they began to feel themselves as large as *men*—a volunteer, reflecting on the king of Ignorance, though snugly drank at the time it was offered, was now moved to be reconsidered, in order to have it expunged from the proceedings——though no mention, we believe, was made of disgorging the wine they had drank to it. This brought affairs to a crisis——*solid knock-me-down arguments* were resorted to, and our very loving young democrats most lovingly ejected one of the fraternity from the room. The rest, with the exception of a few who fell to the watchman's lot, found their homes as sober *as could be expected*.

M'Coy's Song.

In the Aurora of the 6th, we are regaled with the following stanzas of a newborn son of Apollo, ycleped J. M'Coy, who, after bestriding the peak of the Parnassian hill, sings on at such a wonderful merry rate, as to set all gravity at defiance. Take the following stanza as a specimen of his style.

'Oh this is a day of republican pride,
And the country with *life* and with *liveliness* hums;
The *cannons* are firing from every *hill side*,
And the *fiddles* are out, and the *trumpets* and *drums*.'

Did not nobler subjects require our columns of this week, we should copy the *song* entire, as a rare specimen of happy burlesque——but let it suffice to say, that in confounding and jumbling together gods and goddesses, celestial, terrestrial and infernal, he far outstrips O'Keefe's Lingo. Towards the conclusion of his song he most certainly imbibed an ideal [illegible] the arrangement of the starry firmament was an aristocratic piece of work, for he revolutionizes the Newtonian and almost every other system, and makes

'The day-star of Liberty mount in the *west*.'

John L. Leib invited a number of rare spirits to *China*-hall, his country seat on the banks of Schuylkill, to catch catfish and eat a nice dinner. Among other guests was the famous *John Catfish Miller*, who, after dinner, read the following

ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A LITTLE CATFISH.

Naiades, Nereides hither speed
With sea-weed green and coral red;
In mournful peals the fish bell ring!
Let rivers weep into old Ocean's bed,
And tell the winds that little Catty's dead,
Whilst choirs of blackfish the sad dirge shall sing.

******

Late tenant of proud Schuylkill's silver tide
Where thy fond ancestors had fix'd their seat,
And taught their beauteous progeny to glide
To seek ('twas all they wish'd) their daily meat,
A SCALY neighbour fain would sing thy worth
And summon all the worm-destroying race,
To chaunt a requiem o'er thy much lov'd earth,
And wash with tears each finny brothers face!
Could not the cruel savage who ensnar'd
Thy beauteous form, spare yet a little while,
Thy tender youth, so feeble, unprepar'd,
And was he callous to thy lovely smile?
Was it in vain thy pretty little mouth
Pleaded to spare——thy curling whiskers play'd,
The brighten'd eye bespoke thy modest youth,
Yet ruthless ruffian he thy grief survey'd,
And only thought how soon the inverted coat,
From off thy pretty body he would pull,
And cram thee down his ever craving throat,
With bread & beer until his paunch was full.
Oh! had he plac'd thee in some canvas sack,
And boasting of his load trudg'd towards his home,
Till with your prickly fin you'd goad his back,
And been reveng'd ere yet your hour had come,
Or that a spark of life might yet remain
In one blest bone, across his pipe to stick,
That midst his pleasure, long tormenting pain
Should spoil his meal, and make the caitiff sick;
May bruises, rheumatisms, rack his frame,
And oil of catfish ever be denied,
Through life a cripple, wretched, poor and lame,
No fish to feed him, either boil'd or fried!
Scratch'em, thou prince of fishermen, no more
Bait with the worm thy sure prize earning hook,
Nor open Mendenhall thy friendly door,
For such a wretch as my poor darling took!
If fish he'd have, let him the refuse eat
Which in dog days thrown up, infect the air,
By Schuylkill loath'd, & serv'd as fittest meat,
For such as kill'd my pretty Catty dear!
And art thou gone!—are all my prospects fled,
Was it for this I took my daily walk
To feed thee with choice worms & crumbs of bread,
To meet at last this horrid, horrid baulk,
And find thee dead! not only dead dear fish;
Curs'd be the means, or hook, or net, or pelf,
Which plac'd thee on another person's dish,
For I had hop'd to have eaten thee myself!

On last Wednesday afternoon, Bob Taylor called at the publication office of the Tickler. The editor very much regrets that he was not within, as *citizen* Taylor appeared to be in a passion, and went off muttering that he 'would let him know why he called him a *negur*.' Had the editor been *honoured* with an interview, he most assuredly would have reminded Bob, that frequent instances have occurred of *white negroes* being born of *black* parents, which may be considered a species of *lusus naturæ*——but that a *white-negro* should be the offspring of white parents, is not at all surprizing. We did not mean to insinuate that either of Bob's parents were black.

One Hundred Dollars Reward!!

STRAYED AWAY or stolen the 3d inst. whilst on the road from Philadelphia to the Yellow Springs, a waggon and horses—the said waggon contained the following articles: a fine green turtle weighing about 80 pounds; twelve dozen of Hare's best porter; 2 rounds, a sir-loin and several ribs of fresh beef; twelve dozen of lemons and limes; a quantity of Ice creams and jellies; some musical instruments and music; several newspapers, wherein is inserted the annual advertisement of the subscriber, and brass field piece which was to have been fired on the 4th in honor of the day.

The subscriber humbly begs leave to apologize to those gentlemen who honoured him with their company on the anniversary of our independence, for the seemingly careless manner in which they were treated; and to assure them that nothing but the sad accident of losing his horses, waggon and contents, prevented him from entertaining them in a style worthy of the day, and of the elegant party who gratified him with their presence.

NB. The subscriber had likewise hired two smart waiters, but the rascals hopped off with the waggon; they may be easily known by a notorious habit which they have acquired, of promising much, but performing little.

JAMES SENOR.

Yellow Springs, July 8, 1809.

A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF POCAHONTAS.

In the wildest scenes of nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, captain Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interest the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index of his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of this most gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of sachems had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted thro' the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's, and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success, she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprise, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affections of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks' captivity Smith returned to Jamestown, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonials of returned affection. The constructions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presence of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the goddess of plenty with her *cornucopia*. Even Smith indulged for a while, his softer feelings; and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed, and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the colonists and had laid his warriors in ambush so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love seems the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and like Hortensia, forgets the brother and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favorite.

A dangerous wound, which captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favorite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours, here she told her love, and scattered her favorite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, she was surprized at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion, which Smith had excited in her breast. He was pensively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence to perform her duties to the dead. Surprise, terror, and sorrow, suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of her fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the wilderness to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy—he wiped away the tear that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the song of the mock-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the English; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme. Through immense forests, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as respectful, as affectionate, and while he soothed her into tranquility, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure as hers was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas; and to him the lover applied in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's consent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into softness at this declaration of the accomplished Englishman, and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed——Happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulses of the heart. The raven tresses and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no disparagement to the dignity of her soul or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leisure he initiated her in the wonders of science, and the mysteries of religion. In return she respected him for his talents and virtues: and added gratitude for improvement to *love for love*. A son was the sole fruit of their union, from whom descends the ornaments of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far as to marry a pichian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with respect and affection; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learned the manners of the great, and in her demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of the heart.

Capt. Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his interesting explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England, and travelling with Pocahontas through the country, he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to re-visit America.—But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, intellect and piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness, and consider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

[*Anthelegy.*]

For the TICKLER.

Those who *deal* with the devil and his partner, are warned to be cautious how they *deal*, and to take care that they not only get a receipt in full for those articles for which they do *deal*; but likewise to have a witness present at the time of payment, for they recently made a man pay for goods which he had bought of them, a second time, though he had a receipt in full, signed by

DEAL.

THE PORTRAIT.

....

The following is a translation of an Epigram from the French of M. de Ségur.

Poor Martin had a clamourous wife,
Who fill'd his house with noise and strife,
And was the torment of his life,
As it appears.

A painter took this lady's face,
Such skill he shew'd, in every trace,
Her husband pass'd with quicken'd pace,
And wept his ears.

EFFECTS OF THE EMBARGO.

At the late session of congress, a law has been passed for borrowing *three millions* of money for the support of public credit, the revenue having been cut off by Mr. Jefferson's philosophical experiments. This affords an excellent comment upon the embargo policy.

[*Port. Gaz.*

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by properinstructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

Education.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, and his friends in particular, that he has opened a

Boarding School,

OPPOSITE THE TWO MILE STONE, ON THE RIDGE ROAD,

WHERE IS TAUGHT,

Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, mathematics, &c. and solicits the encouragement of a generous public, which he will endeavour to merit by his attention.

J. Rolph.

Terms of boarding and tuition, 100 dollars per annum, payable quarterly.

June 28.

TURTLE SOUP.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED, that Turtle Soup will be ready from 4 until 10 P. M. on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS & FRIDAYS, during the season, at the sign of Columbus, No. 110, north 3d street.

B. Roberts.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Published every Wednesday morning

By GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 112, south Front-street.